

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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"SEE HOW IT LOOKS ON ME."

FRED'S MISTAKE.

BY ANNA H. WAYNE.



RED, can you take a letter to the village for me?"

Fred's mother lay in a reclining chair on a beautiful shady terrace, before an old Swiss country house. She was an invalid, and could not go about much; but she liked to lie there and watch the sail-boats on Lake Geneva, and the lights and shadows on the Alps beyond. Fred liked this too, but he also liked roaming about the country and doing errands in the little village of Aubonne near by.

"Oh, yes, I can go," jumping up from the green table under the plane-trees, where he was at work with his French books; "that is, if I need n't do my exercise."

His mother smiled. Fred was a little in the habit of making bargains. She sometimes said she had to hire him to do all her errands.

"And the last time you said you would go if you might buy some *pâtisserie* at the bake-shop."

"Well, I know," answered Fred, looking a little confused; "but Swiss pastry is famous all over the world, so no wonder I wanted some; and to-day, you see, I really shall not have time to write my exercise if I go to mail your letter."

His mother said nothing more, and in a few minutes Fred set off, accompanied by his sister Mary.

It was a beautiful September morning, and the clear Swiss air was fresh and sparkling. The dew still lay on the grapevines, which covered the hillsides, sloping for miles down to the lake.

"When these grapes are ripe," said Mary, "do you suppose M. Cuénod will let us have all we want?"

"Of course, you goose," said Fred, loftily. "What are they for but to eat?"

"Yes," said Mary; "but then they are not ours."

"Well, I don't think M. Cuénod is stingy," said Fred. "The trouble with him is, he is lazy; and lazy people are never stingy, they are too good-natured. Look at these acres of grapes that belong to him! We could n't eat a thousandth part of them if we should try. Why, I heard Théodor say he invited all Madame Rue's boarding-school into the vineyard one day last year, and you would n't have known anybody had been there. I rather think if we live at M. Cuénod's, we can have some privileges in his vineyards."

"Oh, I think so too," said Mary, who was quite put down by Fred's vehemence. "Only I did n't know."

"I think it's very mean to suspect M. Cuénod of being such a skinflint when he has always been so kind to us," said Fred, walking on very firmly.

Fred always seemed to enjoy making Mary feel that she was very silly and very wrong; yet he was kind and generous in many ways. He always shared his candy and *pâtisserie* with her; he lent her his pony whenever she wanted to ride, and when she had the mumps he stayed in the house days at a time to read to her and amuse her. But he liked to feel that he was her superior, and he wanted her to feel so too. Besides, he really thought, since they were in M. Cuénod's family, that the old gentleman would be perfectly willing for them to have the grapes; and this was quite true.

"Ah, there are some ripe ones now," added Fred, in a moment. "I am going to gather them."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait till we had asked M. Cuénod?" said Mary, timidly. "Of course he would be willing; but —"

"No," said Fred, decidedly, gathering the bunch. "I don't believe M. Cuénod is stingy, and I am not going to act as if I suspected him. Have some, Mary?"

"No — o."

"Goosey! They are splendid. Now, don't you see they grow by the roadside? We should have a right to them even if they did n't belong to M. Cuénod. You would n't be afraid to pick blackberries by the roadside in America, would you? It is n't as if these vines were fenced off."

"But it is different," said Mary, taking a little courage, "because here there are no fences at all. I don't see how they ever know where one vineyard ends and another begins."

"That's a fact," returned Fred, busily eating his grapes. "I suppose they know by the red flags."

"Perhaps these are not M. Cuénod's, after all."

"Garçon, viens avec moi!"

The children started. A tall man in uniform had approached them so silently that he seemed to have dropped down from the skies. He laid his hand on Fred's shoulder as he spoke.

"What is the matter?" asked Fred, growing red in the face.

The man shook his head as if he did not understand English, and then began to say something rapidly in French. Fred tried desperately to understand, but although he was studying French every day, and could answer "*Sil vous plait*" when any one asked "*Voulez-vous du pain?*" this was quite another thing. It was much worse than bargaining with the pastry-cook, for then he prepared his sentences before he left home. Besides, he could point to the things and show the different coins in his purse. He tried to shake off the man's hand, but he only felt his shoulder grasped tighter as the officer began to lead him along towards Aubonne. Mary followed, very much terrified.

"I can't make out a word he says," said Fred, anxiously, to her; "but I see he is a gendarme, so I suppose something dreadful is going to happen. Europe is a horrid place for such things, you know. They don't do such things in America. Amérique, you know," and he turned boldly to the officer.

"Amérique!" repeated the man, slowly. Then he went on rapidly again in French, and Fred could not understand a word. But he saw that the man looked much less fierce, and his tones were more conciliatory.

"I am glad I mentioned America," continued Fred to Mary. "They are all afraid of America. They know the government would interfere if they did me any harm."

It was not fear of America, however, which had softened the policeman's tone. But he had a son in America, and he felt kindly toward Americans.

"What shall I do?" said Mary, trying hard not to cry.

"Well," said Fred, bravely, "you had better follow and see what they are going to do with me, and then go home and tell M. Cuénod where I am. I should like to give you the letter to mail, too, if the policeman will let me, for I think he is going to take me to prison. But he will probably think it is a secret despatch. I should n't wonder if he thought I was an agent of the Nihilists, or some other secret society. You have no idea what a country this is, Mary."

So Fred took out the letter, eying the policeman closely, meanwhile, and handed it to his sister. The policeman said nothing, however.

"Good!" said Fred. "I hope you will get home safely; that's all I have to say."

At this Mary was very much frightened; but she felt she must stand by Fred at all events, though the policeman motioned several times that she was to go back. And so, at last, they arrived at Aubonne.

Now, if you have travelled through Switzerland, between Lausanne and Geneva, you have perhaps noticed high up on the hills a curious round white tower, which must be centuries old, and which has been used by the Burgundians and perhaps even by the Romans for many purposes. It was to this tower that our party directed their steps, for whatever the Burgundians or Romans may have done, the Swiss at present use it for a jail; and perhaps at the very time you were passing in the cars and wondering about it, our poor friend Fred was being locked into one of its cells, for the story I am telling you is a true one.

When Mary found that it was really as Fred thought, it seemed as if her heart would break; but she was a brave girl, so she kept back the tears, and first mailing her mother's letter, she ran swiftly back to the Cuénods'. When she saw her mother she could not control herself any longer, but burst out sobbing. The kind Cuénods gathered round her in a moment; but it was some time before they could make anything out of her story. Monsieur said he would go to the village at once, and he knew he could bring Fred back; but what puzzled him was to know why he had been arrested.

"Let me see," said Madame Cuénod, thoughtfully, "do you think he could have been gathering any grapes?"

Mary had forgotten to tell them that. When she said yes, they looked relieved.

"Ah, that is it! Policemen are stationed everywhere to see that the vineyards are not molested. Americans never understand that they cannot eat everything that grows by the roadside."

When the crest-fallen Fred was brought home an hour later, Mary was too generous to point out to him that after all she had been right. He did not like to say anything about it himself; but he did say that on the whole he would do his exercise, as it was very inconvenient not to understand French.

ROSIE'S FAITH.

EMILY A. KELLOGG.

THE February morning, warm and soft, had grown more bright and mild. At noon the little children ran out of school in glee, declaring that spring had come. Luncheons were eaten by an open window or on the doorstep, while those who went home to dinner hastened back to the school yard for a frolic. Coats, hoods, and caps were left on their hooks in the cloak-room, and the bare-headed boys and girls played tag on the shady side of the schoolhouse, declaring breathlessly that it was too warm to run in the sunshine.

The one o'clock bell brought them, rosy and panting, to their seats. The afternoon's work soon engaged them, and they forgot to watch the sky, and to nod and smile at each other over the brightness of the day, or to sigh, "How warm it is!"

But about three o'clock, first one and then another suddenly noted the hurrying masses of gray clouds, the boisterous wind, the increasing cold. Startled looks were exchanged between seat-mates, and timid little ones drew close to an elder brother or sister. An Iowa blizzard was approaching. Within fifteen minutes the storm had burst upon us. The strong foundation held the schoolhouse firmly, but the windows shook in the grasp of the wind, and fine, furious snow scurried by in thick clouds. Nothing else was visible. Books and slates were thrown aside. The brave-hearted ones tried to keep up a semblance of courage, but one head after another drooped over the desks. The children knew that such storms often lasted two or three days, and that to cross the little strip of prairie between the schoolhouse and the village was full of peril. The rapidly lowering temperature demanded a roaring fire in the stove, and with every blast of blaze up the chimney they shuddered anew.

Laying by my regular exercises I started one and another of their cheery songs, in which they tried to join with trembling voices. The starting tear and increasing terror among the younger ones led me to walk up and down the aisles, patting a curly head here and there, speaking an encouraging word, and giving some trembling, chubby hand a cheering squeeze.

I stopped before Rosie. She had shown from the first a marked contrast to the rest of the school. Her manner had indicated a thorough enjoyment of the storm. Now in the midst of its fury she was actually jubilant. Yet she was one of the youngest and most timid of my flock. It was her first term at school. Her father was very tender of this motherless little Rose, and for weeks had himself led her by the hand to and from school. But he had of late been encouraging her to think that she could come home in the company of her mates.

As I stopped before her she lifted her eyes to mine and radiant with delight whispered, "My papa will come for me if it storms like this!"

Her confidence was well founded. Her father, with others, came hurrying to the schoolhouse to assure himself of the safe conduct of his darling. As he wrapped her securely from the storm, and gathered her in his arms to stagger with his precious burden through the terrific storm, she pressed her cheek to his breast and looking up with a bright and beaming smile, whispered, "I knew you would come for me!"

Many years have passed since the day of that terrible blizzard. Rosie is a young woman, and in an orange grove upon the Pacific coast she plans and toils to lift burdens which feeble health have laid upon her father. No sacrifice is too great for her cheerful acceptance, if it will serve him whose love guarded her timid infancy.

When I hear of her I wonder whether she has had a like faith, "sure and steadfast," in the loving care of her Heavenly Father, — whether she has been able always to say, "I would rather walk with him in the dark than go alone in the light."

Her unconscious sermon has preached to me all these years, and in dark hours I have said, "My Father will walk with me if it storms like this."

CHILDREN OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

BY CORA AGNES BENNESON.

V.

"WHAT if all the little children
Who have lived through ages long,
Were collected and inspected!
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel;
Oh, the flutter of the fuss! —
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us!"

ONE day I walked on the sea-shore of a foreign land with two little girls, Anesa and Sophia, who could speak English as well as the language of their own country. The air was cool and refreshing. The tide was going out, and on the track of the receding waves we hunted for shells in the sand. We found many of delicate texture and tint. Some were flushed with pink and were hardly larger than a pin's head; they might have served a fairy for a horn. On the water's edge were stranded jelly-fish of a beautiful, clear blue. The little girls called them "the light of the sea;" but when I picked one up they bade me throw it away quickly, saying it was poisonous, and would injure my eyes if I handled it.

We came across a native woman sitting on the beach, with half-a-dozen children grouped about her.

"Are all these yours?" I asked.

"Yes," she said; "don't you want to buy one?"

"How much do you ask for the baby?" I inquired, holding out my hands to the youngest, who was just old enough to sit alone and allow the sand to slip through its fingers in a feeble way.

"Forty-five dollars," she answered promptly.

"Don't buy it at that price," interrupted Anesa, "she has charged you too much, because you are a foreigner."

"Do you think she would really part with it for that?" I asked.

"Oh, yes indeed," said Anesa, "and would think she had made a good bargain."

Then we turned from the sea to the orange and lemon groves, where the air was heavy with delicious fragrance, and we picked from the same tree blossoms and ripe fruit. They hung low over our heads, and were scattered about on the ground under our feet. The owner of the grove told us to gather all we wished, just as if we were in an apple-orchard at home; and as we had no baskets he made us hold the over-skirts of our dresses, while he filled them with luscious, golden fruit for us to take away.

Anesa and Sophia were anxious to have me see the mission-school where they had learned English; and I went with them to a pleasant house where a great many children were reciting their lessons and sewing. Each little one, on entering the class-room, kissed the teacher's hand and then touched it lightly to her forehead, in the pretty form of greeting customary in her country. The children sang for me "Poor Cock Robin" and "The Letter Song," acting out the words as in our kindergartens in America. They showed me fancy articles they had made themselves. I bought a piece of blue tarlatan fringed with tinsel, which I have since used for a picture-drapery, though I think it was intended for a head-dress.

While we were walking about the streets of their city, the little girls suddenly darted into a shop, leaving me alone. When they came back, they offered me some candy they had bought with their own pennies. I did not like to have them spend their money for me, but this little act

showed me their generosity and kindness of heart. When we parted, they accepted my gifts in a very modest and graceful way. They were gentle little girls, with olive complexions and dark eyes.

Afterward I left the sea-coast and journeyed far into the country, travelling on horseback, and usually camping at night. There were no railroads or coaches. Many of the houses were of stone, square, and with flat roofs. When there were two stories, often the family occupied the upper, and the horses, cows, and goats the lower.

The country is usually colorless and unattractive; but I travelled through it at Easter, when the land had on its festive dress and the fields were dotted with wild-flowers growing in patches. There were groups of golden buttercups, white anemones, wild roses, blue forget-me-nots, and gay scarlet poppies glistening in the April sunlight. The trees were olives, whose foliage is sage-green.

One of the prettiest towns is on a hillside, overlooking a valley shut in by fifteen mountains. The slopes are barren, but the circular basin enclosed is cultivated, and abounds in fig-trees and small gardens, with hedges of prickly pears. In company with a party of friends I climbed the road to the town, talking meanwhile with a little girl we met by the roadside, who was journeying the same way. We pitched our tents for the night in the play-ground of a schoolhouse. It was a holiday, so school was not in session, and many of the women and children wore bright head-dresses and gauzy robes. They came to fill their pitchers at a neighboring fountain, where the water gushed by three jets into a stone basin. Often they stopped to chat and joke in little groups, keeping their jars nicely balanced on their heads meanwhile.

I found the people very friendly, and pleased to talk with me about a certain great and good man who passed his boyhood in their town. None could remember him, he lived so long ago, but all had heard about him. They showed me a church built on the site of a house where they think his mother lived, and a bit of the shop where his father plied his trade as a carpenter. They pointed out, too, a church where he is reported to have preached, and a stone table from which it is thought he once dined with twelve devoted friends who believed in him and his work. Not much is known of his childhood, except that when twelve years old he asked and answered questions which surprised the most learned men of his time. We may be sure, however, that he was gentle and loving as a child, or he never could have grown up to be so noble a man. He was one who had the courage to stand up for what was right when the rulers of the nation opposed him, and those who had claimed to be his best friends deserted him. Finally he was put to death by his own countrymen whom he was trying to help. I will not tell you his name, because then you would know at once what country I am writing about, and that I wish you to guess.

WHY WAS THE JEW'S HARP SO NAMED?

THERE are two explanations of the name of this well-known toy. Some folk say that the words are neither more nor less than the French *jeu-harpe*, meaning "toy-harp." Other persons, however, hold that the tiny instrument was called the Jew's harp as a sort of joke on the harp which David played. Though the former derivation is the simpler, it is considered that the latter is probably the more correct.

LABOR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

WE find more gravel than pearls in the bottom of pleasures.

Our Letter-Box.

LUCY'S PETS.

BY GRACE L. CROSBY.

LUCY FRENCH was a little girl six years old. She had many pretty pets. She had a very droll parrot, which would say, "Lucy, go to bed; go to bed, Lucy!" and, "Polly is sick, very sick!" "Give Polly a cracker!" Then Lucy would give him one. She had three cats,—Topsy, Jessie, and Snow-white. Topsy was a very large cat, all black except a white star on his breast, and two rings of white on his tail. He was so very nice that he would not lie on the floor like common cats, but would get in chairs, on beds, and everywhere he could get to. He also would not eat out of a plate that was not perfectly clean.

Jessie was a tiger-striped cat. He also was very particular. And now I must tell about the handsome Snow-white. She is a medium-sized cat, but all pure white, with a pink nose. She was indeed mistress of all. She was very social with all, but would never go off beyond reach of call. She was a remarkably clean cat; for some white cats do not keep very clean, but she did. Lucy had a small soft brush and a tiny comb she used expressly for Madame Snow-white. Lucy often gave her a bath, and then she would brush and comb her fur till she looked all dry again, and kitty would feel very grand. Do you not think possibly Jessie and Topsy were jealous a bit at times?

I will now tell you how Lucy happened to have this pretty kitty. One cold day when Lucy was coasting out in the "back yard," she heard a faint sound as if a cat was in distress; she thought the sound came from the barn. She went slowly and with great fear into the barn; she was afraid that it was either Jessie or Topsy. She soon perceived that the sound came from the hay-cutter near by. She had often been told not to go near the cutter, and, instead of disobeying, like a good girl she ran for help. Soon she returned with papa and Aunt Ethel. Papa looked into the hay-cutter, and there, very near the cruel knife, lay a poor little half-starved, half-frozen, and dirty kitten. She had such small quarters in the hay-cutter, that she could not possibly get out without help. Lucy took her into the house and fed her. When she was warmed and fed, Lucy washed her. When she proved to be so handsome, Lucy's kind mother consented to let her stay "awhile" at least; but when they got fond of her, they could not think of giving her away.

I have written a good deal about Snow-white, and forgot to say that Lucy's father has a very large mastiff dog, whose name is "Major." He, too, is a great favorite.

And now you have heard about Lucy's pets, perhaps you may be able to tell us, some of you, about your pets. I told about mine in my letter to

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

ENIGMA XI.

I AM composed of forty-four letters.
My 15, 4, 26, 3, 11, is what we live on.
My 24, 6, 16, 13, 32, 43, is to despise.
My 2, 38, is not down.
My 1, 15, 33, 7, is a part of the structure of a building.
My 8, 24, 38, 29, 12, is a Greek letter.
My 9, 25, 40, 11, is a noted Bible character.
My 10, 18, 9, is a number.
My 14, 40, 5, 9, is a timid animal.
My 17, 2, 37, is to regret.
My 22, 8, 26, 19, is a very fleet animal.
My 31, 32, 37, is a personal pronoun.
My 34, 40, 44, is a boy.
My 35, 43, 16, 44, is to conduct.
My 28, 35, 30, 27, is something children use in winter.
My 36, 39, 23, 4, 21, 20, is something necessary to the life of man.
My 39, 41, 42, 43, is to ascend.
My whole is a proverb.

M. F. H. and M. L. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I have not written to you before, and now I thought I would write to you. I go to the Unitarian Sunday-school, and like to go very much. I work out the enigmas in every number that I get, so I thought I would send you one that I composed all myself. I am ten years old.

Yours truly,

ELVENIA J. JACKSON.

ENIGMA XII.

I AM composed of thirty letters.
My 3, 2, 4, 21, 27, is a flower we use at Easter.
My 1, 7, 24, 24, 16, the children of Israel ate in the wilderness.
My 8, 13, 22, 6, is a machine for grinding.
My 19, 14, 10, is useful in warm weather.
My 12, 25, 26, 27, 25, 18, 17, is a holiday we all welcome.
My 5, 25, 11, means "nevertheless."
My 6, 20, 29, 30, is a bird that is a high flyer and an early riser.
My 3, 13, 10, 25, is used on a wash-day.
My 15, 9, 28, 23, 25, is a noisy member of the feathered family.
My whole is the name and residence of a girl.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. II.

Enigma VIII. Charity begins at home.

Enigma IX. Argentine Republic.

Enigma X. Order is Heaven's first law.

FOUR HIDDEN CITIES.

Lynn. London. Stafford. Lewiston.

For Youngest Readers.

BILLY.

BY HELEN S. THURSTON.



HOW would you like to have me tell you a story about a very funny pet some little folks once had? It wasn't a dog or a cat or a monkey, or even a spider. Once I had a pet spider,—a beautiful black and gold spider. I had him nearly a year, and he became so tame he'd drop from the ceiling directly in front of me, and would let me touch and gently stroke him with my finger.

We had a visitor one day and she said, "Why, what do you think? I was sitting here, and a great ugly black spider spun right down in front of me! You may think I killed him pretty quick." Oh dear, oh dear! I felt like having just such a cry as you had that day sweet Alice Ben Bolt had her head accidentally broken. I hope you never did so mean a thing as to kill an in-offensive spider!

But this pet was not a little black spider, it was a little black pig! Little Miss Mary was visiting at a farm, and she fell so in love with that delightful little grunting black beast that the farmer gave it to her, and she carried it triumphantly and lovingly home. But how was it to be fed? Just as the baby was fed to be sure,—out of a nice clean glass bottle with a black rubber snout, while Miss Mary held piggy in her arms or laid it in her doll's cradle. And it was a great deal better than any doll when it was

dressed in some of the baby's clothes and was wheeled about in the wheelbarrow. But do you know, that pig contracted a habit of growing, and like Mr. Phinney's turnip,—

"It grew and it grew

And it did n't do any harm,"—

only that it soon grew too large for the children to carry about, and too large also for accommodation in the doll's cradle. So father George made a nice stout pen for Billy and set it right out on the prairie; for all the seven children and the little black pig that I am telling you of, lived away out in Illinois, a good many years ago, when the West was not as near the East as it is nowadays. The pen had four handles, one at each corner; and every morning all the family took hold and moved Billy, pen and all, to a new spot on the prairie, so that he could not root out from under his pen and go scampering off over the universe.

Billy knew the children, and when he heard them coming he would stand up on his hind legs, like a dog, and squeal with delight. The children fed him with handfuls of grass, for they were pretty poor out there on the frontier, and there was little else they could give him. One day however the children had a rare treat; some grandmother or aunt sent them some spruce gum from the woods of Maine, and in the unselfishness of their hearts they threw a piece to Billy. Nothing daunted, Billy took to chewing the gum; and lo and behold! he chewed quite as well as the children.

How the children laughed and shouted! I am going to tell something to you that was never even hinted to those children. In my opinion that Billy did n't know how to chew gum at all; he took the gum as he would take anything the children threw, and it got stuck in his teeth accidentally; then he began to chew to try if he could get it off, and of course the more he chewed the faster the gum clung to his teeth.

It is very cold out there in the winter time,—about the same weather they have in Santa Claus land; and they had to put the children to bed with their stockings and mittens and hoods on to keep them from freezing their poor little toes and fingers and ears. But, alas! they neglected to use these precautions for Billy; and one icy morning when the children went to his pen, there were poor Billy's ears frozen quite stiff and broken short off his head!

I don't think it real pleasant to leave Billy just here with his poor ears gone, the children crying, and the wind freezing their tears to icicles, so we will just think ourselves into the next summer; and if I had a Kodak, I would send you all a picture of Billy standing on his hind feet in the pen, with a wreath of prairie roses covering his ear-stumps, and little Miss Mary handing him a wisp of succulent grass.



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT."

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE ELK OR MOOSE.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

THE elk is the largest of all the deer tribe, what the Swedes call a "stor ox." One from eight to ten years old will often measure seven feet high at the shoulder,—which is but little less than the average height of an elephant,—and his weight may reach twelve hundred pounds. A Swedish hunter says that in the biggest elk he ever killed, the dressed meat from a single hind-leg turned the scale at three and one half vogs, and a vog is forty pounds.

The antlers of the elk are, perhaps, his most marked feature. In an adult male they are enormous as well as peculiar in their shape. They are of the sort called palmated or flattened, being composed of a flat, thinnish, solid growth of bone, each palm spreading out to twelve inches or sometimes nearly double that in width, while the antlers will measure six feet from tip to tip, and a single one weigh as much as sixty pounds.

The head is uncouth and ill-proportioned. It is some two feet in length, and comparatively narrow, ending in a great hooked-nose and projecting under-lip, both of which are covered with short hair. This muzzle and lip are very flexible, almost prehensile in fact, and are used to draw down into his mouth the shoots and twigs of trees upon which the great creature feeds. Two long dewlaps of loose skin hang pendulous beneath the throat. In this ugly head are set small, sunken, inexpressive eyes; and for its further adornment are added a pair of long and wide ears, resembling those of an ass, and forming anything but an attractive *tout ensemble*. Indeed, it is said that even those who are most familiar with the animal can hardly look upon the head of a full-grown elk, whether alive or dead, without a feeling of almost incredulous astonishment that it can be so hideous. The neck, too, is wanting in the slender grace so characteristic of other members of the deer family. On the contrary, it is short, massive, and shaggy, being well-adapted to carry its great burden of head and horns.

But if not beautiful, we can at least grant to the elk the merit of making no attempt to conceal his ugliness, for he carries all his worst features well to the front. After the hump-like development upon his shoulders is passed, all trace of special uncouthness disappears. His body is short, round, and compact, terminating in a tail which is only about four inches in length. His legs are long, but unusually firm, clean-cut, and graceful. His body is covered with hair of a grayish-brown color, which is coarse, angular, and so brittle as to break when bent. During the summer his coat is short and comparatively glossy, but when the cold comes the hair gets longer and very coarse, and an inner fur of short, fine, woolly texture grows beneath it.

It is said that an elk is as strong as an ox, and more swift than the horse; but while this is undoubtedly true, it cannot be gainsaid that his movement is far from elegant. His fore-legs being longer than those behind, his ordinary gait is a kind of ambling shuffle, more comical than graceful; but when he falls into a gallop he is capable of getting over the ground with great rapidity.

In running he raises his muzzle; this throws his head far back, and lays his great antlers flat upon his neck, where they cannot catch upon

branches or form an obstacle to his progress. But with the head carried at this angle he does not very well see his path, and occasionally he trips and falls heavily.

His hoofs are formed like those of the reindeer, separating widely when his weight is thrown upon them, thus enabling him to find a better footing on the snow or marshy ground; and when running they produce the same clattering noise.

The elk is fitted to endure the severest cold, and inhabits the far northern regions of Asia, Europe, and America, being sometimes found even on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. It has now become very rare in Europe, and in parts of America that it once frequented it is now never seen. On this continent it is called a moose, a corruption of the Indian name of "Moosa." It is a long-lived animal, and does not attain its full growth until after its fourteenth year.

In spite of its great size and strength, the elk finds need also of its fleetness for protection, as it is persecuted and hunted by both man and beast. It has the reputation of being the shyest and most wary of all the deer family; and Sir John Richardson thinks that its sense of hearing, as well as that of smell, is unusually keen. This makes it a difficult animal to hunt, and the Indians consider successful moose-hunting to be a proof of the greatest skill.

It is but little pursued during the summer; and while the sharp frosts last it also enjoys comparative safety, as it can run with great speed over the frozen snow, or with its long muscular legs it can even wade through it very successfully when not too deep. But when the spring sun falls upon the snow, producing a crust strong enough to bear the weight of small animals and perhaps even man, the time of deadly peril for the elk has come, for his great weight causes the crust to break, and he plunges in to his belly at every step.

Fully sensible of his danger, it is then that he prepares those curious fortifications known as Elk-yards. Sometimes a single elk, but more commonly a herd, will trample the snow over a considerable patch of ground into a series of paths and runs, leaving banks so high surrounding the whole, and between the paths, that when inside not even the backs of the huge creatures can be seen above them.

Here the elk is safe, and within his enclosure finds sufficient food,—for his wants are most simple and moderate for a creature of his size. All he asks are the young branches of trees, which he pulls down with his long upper lip, and holding them between his fore-legs, nibbles their twigs at his leisure.

When the wolves and other wild animals arrive at this enclosure, the elk is prepared. Here they cannot take him at a disadvantage, wallowing and helpless. They know that one stroke of his powerful fore-foot may kill them, and they hesitate to enter, often prowling for days just outside his snowy walls. While a bulwark against four-footed enemies, the yard is but as a trap when man appears with his deadly bullet, before which numbers of the poor beasts fall in pitiful helplessness.

The flesh of the elk is like venison. It is esteemed very excellent, the muzzle and tongue being considered special delicacies. In Europe, however, their numbers have so dwindled that the killing of them has been made an offence punishable by law.

In summer they frequent marshy districts where they like to nibble the grasses, going down upon their knees in order to reach them.

Elk are readily domesticated, and because of their speed were at one time employed in Sweden for drawing the sledges of couriers and other employees of the government. They proved to be capable of getting a sledge over two hundred miles in a day; and finally they came to be so much used for conveying criminals out of the kingdom, that driving them was strictly forbidden under very heavy penalties.

In this country they have also been broken to harness with a certain amount of success, although never used here to any considerable extent. Some years ago a pair of elk driven upon the streets of Washington attracted a good deal of attention. A gentleman in Maine became possessed of a pair which he trained and drove in a carriage. They behaved very well except in one particular. If when heated by their exertions they espied a sheet of water, nothing could prevent them from running toward it at full speed, and plunging in for a bath.

ANNA'S GIFT TO MAMMA.

BY E. A. T.



"ANNA! Anna! Anna!" called Mrs. Deane, once, twice, thrice, and again in quick anxious tones, "Anna! Anna! come at once,"—for Anna was wanted very much indeed. Her mamma, just recovering from a dangerous illness and too weak to move, was lying on the sofa; Betty the nurse had brought little two-year-old Susie into the room for a moment, while she went down to the kitchen to heat some milk for her supper, giving her her blocks to play with; but Susie, attracted by the dancing fire-light that was reflected in the glass of a little picture on the table at the other end of the room, toddled across to get possession of the pretty sparkling thing.

"No, no, Susie," said Mamma, but Susie was shrewd enough to understand that Mamma was prisoner on the sofa, and only made more haste to secure her prize. The little three-legged stand stood rather unsteadily on its feet, and in her hurry Susie tumbled up against it, and down went Susie, table, and picture, the glass face of the latter breaking into a thousand pieces. Susie was not a bit hurt by her tumble, and picking herself up, went to work to gather the shining splinters into her little fat hands. Mamma was dreadfully frightened, for she knew how every splinter would pierce like a sharp needle. She called "Betty! Betty!" but Betty in the kitchen two stories below did not hear; and then remembering that Anna had a little while before gone into an adjoining room to read a fairy story, she called loudly, as we have already seen, "Anna! Anna!" then raising her voice still louder, "come to Susie, or she will be hurt!"

At this Anna appeared at the door with the book of fairy stories in her hand and her forehead puckered into a frown at being disturbed just as Cinderella and the prince had met.

"What is it, Mamma?" she said in rather a sulky tone.

"Go to Susie quickly and bring her away from that broken glass," said Mamma.

But it was too late. Already some of the fine sharp little spears had penetrated through the soft pink skin and tender flesh of the baby hand, and a tiny stream of red blood was trickling down over the white apron, while Susie burst into a loud wail from pain and fright. Fortunately, at this moment Betty came into the room, and tak-

ing Susie in her arms, brought her to her mamma, who, after carefully examining the wounded hand, said to Betty,—

"We shall need the doctor's help to extract this glass. There is more than one piece there I can see."

Anna was really frightened now, and did not wait to be spoken to a second time when her mother told her to run downstairs and tell John the gardener to go across the street and call the doctor. When she returned poor little Susie, seated in Betty's lap, was still crying pitifully, and Mamma with a pale anxious face was trying to soothe her.

"Oh, if I had only come at first when Mamma called," thought Anna.

Although the doctor was only a few minutes in answering the summons, it seemed a long, long time to her before he appeared.

It was hard work getting Susie to show him her hand, and still harder to keep her quiet long enough to pick out the pieces of glass with a pair of small tweezers. At last it was all done, and after the hand had been wrapped in a piece of soft linen, the tired little one was undressed, and soon sobbed herself to sleep. Anna had had her supper, and now went to her mother's room to bid her good-night. At the threshold Betty met her. "You can't go in now, Anna. Your mamma is all tired out, and is getting ready for bed, and she wants you to go too;" and then she added crossly, "if you'd been a good girl and gone to Susie at once, this need n't have happened at all. It's all your fault."

Poor Anna felt very guilty and very miserable as she turned away to go to bed without her mother's good-night kiss. Since her mother's recovery she had been allowed to go every night to her room and sit beside her in her little chair drawn close up beside the sofa.

And oh, how pleasant Mamma's room always looked then, with the wood fire crackling cheerfully on the hearth, and her pretty mamma in her best blue wrapper lying on the sofa, a little stand beside her with a lovely pink or blue flower Papa had brought from town, and by the flower a plate with thin wafers and sweet crackers, one of which was always for Anna. If Mamma was feeling pretty well, she would tell her such a nice story or read to her some pretty verses; and then, after many loving kisses and many good-nights, Anna would slip off to bed saying to herself, "My mamma is the very nicest and sweetest in the world." For this little six-year-old girl had an affectionate heart, though so fond of having her own way.

But to-night she was not even allowed to look into the room, and there was poor little Susie with her wounded hand lying in her crib close to Anna. The tears came into her eyes as she looked at it, and as she laid her head on her pillow, she seemed to hear Betty's words again and again, "It was all your fault," until she too like Susie sobbed herself to sleep.

In the morning Susie's hand was almost well, Mamma was better, and Anna went to her mother's room feeling quite happy; indeed she had almost forgotten how sad she was the night before.

She had remembered, too, on waking up, that next Tuesday was Mamma's birthday and that the little pen-wiper that she had made as a surprise for her was really quite done.

Mamma kissed Anna, but looked very grave.

"Mamma," said Anna, "I am very sorry about Susie's hand, but I did n't know you wanted me so very much, and that she had broken the picture; but I am so glad it's most well, and you are

better too, are n't you, Mamma? only you must be so tired lying here, and I wish, oh, I wish I could give you something beautiful and nice,"—here Anna thought with pride of the red cloth penwiper with gold cord all round it, and almost felt as if she must show it at once; but she put her arms around her mother and said, "Oh, Mamma, I do love you so much!" Her mother held the little curly head close to her awhile and then said,—

"You can give me something, Anna, something I want very much indeed."

"Oh, Mamma, what is it; what do you mean?" cried Anna, and then she began to think of all the little treasures she owned. There was her pretty gold-colored shell, just like a little fairy boat, she had found on the beach at Newport last summer; and the lovely white angel with pink cheeks and blue wings that came from the big frosted cake at Cousin Emma's party the other day,—it lay carefully packed in a box with pink cotton in Anna's top drawer, and every day she looked at it and thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen; and then she suddenly thought, "Could it be Fairy, her yellow canary Uncle John gave her, that sang so sweetly and ate seeds from her mouth? She loved him dearly, the cunning little fellow, but if Mamma would like him—"

"Mamma, is it Fairy? You can have him if you want him—"

"No," said her mother, smiling, "I would not take Fairy from you, and then it is a present I want you to give me every day."

"Every day! Mamma," said Anna in dismay, "I'm afraid I could n't do that."

But, as Mamma drew the little girl close to her side and looked earnestly into the big blue eyes fixed upon hers, Anna began to guess what her mother meant; and as the color came into her cheeks she said, "You mean, Mamma, you want me to mind every day."

"Yes," said her mother, "that is the present I want my little girl to give me,—to show her love by prompt obedience."

"I'll try, Mamma," said Anna, in a low tone. And now little Susie came in from the nursery, and Mamma, after unbinding the wounded hand to examine it, said to Anna,—

"When you forget, dear, the scars on Susie's hand will remind you."

Anna took Baby in her lap and sat silent for some minutes, and then—her thoughts going back to her red and gold penwiper—she said, "But may I give you little things sometimes that I've made myself, at—at—Christmas, you know, or days like that?" For you see she did n't want to remind Mamma of her birthday. Another kiss was the answer, and Anna went off to school with a light heart, and quite resolved to give Mamma the present she asked for; and little by little it became easier for her to do so.

FRIENDSHIPS of the strangest kind are sometimes formed in the animal world. Several months ago a two-year-old mastiff was seen one day carrying a hen in his mouth with great care to his kennel. He put her in a corner, and kept watch while she laid an egg, which he ate up at once. Ever afterwards the dog and hen were the best of friends. She would not lay eggs anywhere else but in the kennel, and he gave her in return all the dainty bits from his dish. This was a clever mastiff. Not only had he become fond of eggs, but he had found out that they were laid by hens, and that the best way to get fresh ones was to have a hen of his own.—*Selected.*

THE ROSE AND THE FAWN.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.



ES, I will tell you a story, and it shall be a Bible story," said Mrs. James to her two daughters, on Saturday evening, as they sat by the fire. "But I shall not tell you in what part of the Bible the story is to be found. I prefer to have you find that out for yourselves. My story will be something like an allegory. I shall tell you about characters that will seem to you imaginary. You saw your Cousin Henry dressed like Santa Claus last Christmas. He looked like a little old man. But under his furs there was a bright, happy boy. Under the disguise that I shall throw around my characters, I want you to find real persons. Will you both try to find out who they are, after I have told you my story?"

"Indeed we will, Mother," said both the girls. I will not give the names of the two girls now; but before the story is ended, I will. So Mrs. James began her story.

"Many years ago, in a land toward the rising sun, there lived a man and his wife, the story of whose life I am now going to tell you. It was hard work for them to get food enough, for, alas! there was a famine in that land. Sadly they bade their dear friends and neighbors good-by, and started for another country, for there, as they had heard, there was food enough for all.

"For some time they lived very happily in their new home, where two sons were born to them.

"Wandering about the country one day, one of these sons found a beautiful rose. He was greatly pleased, and said, 'Pretty rose, come with me, and let me rejoice in your beauty; and as long as I live you shall dwell with me.' The rose consented, and the young man very tenderly bore the lovely flower to his home.

"His brother, seeing how much he was pleased with the rose, used to say to him, 'My turn will come some day to find a treasure that will fully equal yours.'

"Sure enough, he did find a treasure that pleased him greatly. His treasure was a fawn. He said to the timid creature, 'Pretty fawn, come with me, and let me rejoice in your beauty; and as long as I live you shall dwell with me.' The fawn consented, and her pretty ways pleased the young man as much as the beauty of the rose pleased his brother.

"By-and-by death entered that happy circle. The father and the two sons died, and the mother, with no one to love her but the rose and the fawn, thought of her kindred and of her old home. She resolved to go to them. When she made known her purpose, the rose twined tenderly about her, and said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to refrain from following thee. Whither thou goest, I will go.' But the fawn giving her mother-in-law a kiss, wandered away and was never seen by her again. The rose never forsook the mother of her dead husband.

"Now, my children, I think I have told you enough to arouse your curiosity. Find out for yourselves, if you can, who the rose and the fawn were."

For several evenings, two girls turned over the leaves of the great family Bible together, but neither rose nor fawn could they find. One Sunday, not long after the telling of the story, as soon as they were dismissed from Sunday-school, they hastened home.

"Oh, Mother!" said they, "we have found

out all about the rose and the fawn. Our Sunday-school lesson to-day was in the Book of Ruth."

"My teacher told me," said one of the girls, "that Ruth means a rose. I told her that Ruth was my name."

"And my teacher," said the other little girl, "told me that Orpah meant a fawn. Then I told her that my name was Orpah. But, dear Mother, I won't kiss you and then wander away from you, as my namesake did. I will stay with you, and love you just as long and just as well as Ruth will. Your rose and your fawn both love you; and we love each other too."

"After dinner, what do you think we are going to do, Mother?" said Ruth.

"Help your mother wash the dishes, I guess."

"Yes, but I mean after the work is all done."

"Well, dears, what are you going to do?"

"We are going to take the Bible, find the Book of Ruth, and learn what became of Ruth and Orpah and their mother-in-law. We feel just as if they belonged to our family."

Teachers' Department.

MR. GANNETT'S LESSONS ON "HOME."

THE Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society has begun the publication of a series of twelve manuals according to a plan of study whereby it is proposed to give the pupil each year, for six successive years, two distinct courses of lessons. One of these courses is called "A study of Religion." In our next number we hope to say a word on this proposed series, and also to speak of the first lesson-book, the manual entitled, "Beginnings: The Legends and the True Stories." The second of the two general courses is called "A Study of Duty; or, the Growth of Character." Volume I. of this ethical series is before us in the form of a small paper-covered lesson-book of twenty-nine pages, entitled, "In the Home." This manual is to be followed by others upon "School," "Essentials of Character," "Illustrations of Manhood and Womanhood," "Neighbor and Citizen," and "The Higher Life."

"In the Home" is made up of twelve paragraphed chapters of hints to serve for talks either in the Sunday-school or at home. When the lesson is given out, the pupils are asked to bring some lines or verses about the topic that is to be studied. In the recitation the teacher is expected to unfold the lesson-subject along the lines of the numbered paragraphs in the chapter of the manual. Given an interested teacher and an attentive class, and Mr. Gannett's little book will be indeed a stimulating lesson-help. We copy one of the divisions in the lesson on "Mother and Father":—

"(2) WHAT CAN WE GIVE THEM?—What can even little children give?"

"HEART-HELP.—First, by *just loving*. That helps them much, if we *show* the love. And how do that? Best, by *obeying*. Yes, but how obey? Should 'Why?' and 'Why not?' come before or after the obeying, or come never? Does slow, sullen, watched obedience help or hurt our mother? The A B C of helping obedience: (a) obeying on first telling; (b) obeying happily; (c) obeying out of sight, on honor, like soldiers on duty. And what if we do not obey? *Bear the consequences well*. Yes, that will help too; for does not the punishment hurt them as well as us? What is punishment for? And how does one 'bear it well'? Why do so many grown-up people wish they had been punished oftener? Three ways, then, for even little children to help their parents. Any other way? *Have no secrets from Mother*. Yes, again; trust her always as your best friend. And why is that such a great heart-help to her?"

"HAND-HELP.—But how big need we be to be of hand-help too? What bit of housework can Tommy,

six years old, do? and Catherine, who is twelve? John is fifteen, Mary seventeen,—what can they do? Do they do it? In Lesson X. we shall come back to this question.

"PUT YOURSELF IN THEIR PLACE."—Need we be grown up to put ourselves in their places? Do Father and Mother have much time for play? Cannot we manage to give them some of ours? How can we take part of Mother's headache, part of Father's hurry? What do you suppose would give them the greatest joy they can have? Are you making your parents *respect* as well as *love* you? Has a child a chance to be a hero right at home?"

Some of Mr. Gannett's lessons—for example, those on "Dumb Animals" and "The Home Meal"—may be thought too elementary for the older classes, though in these, as indeed in all the other lessons, the author gives a few pregnant hints for advanced pupils which might lead to profitable inquiry and discussion. But whatever the critic might be tempted to say, any friend of the Sunday-school would rejoice to see such practical lessons as these on the important class of duties to which they relate taught to every child. In moral and religious education, doctrines—that is, teachings—which inculcate duties are of more value than even the most accurate statements of theological "views."

THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE.¹

THIS is the title of a new volume in the series which Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are issuing under the general name of "The Story of the Nations." Apart from the interest which the ordinary reader would take in this carefully prepared sketch of one of the most interesting epochs in the history of mankind, the book before us has a special value for all students and teachers of the New Testament. To comprehend the Gospels or the Epistles of Paul, one needs to know something of the times in which these writings originated. Many valuable works that treat of this subject are now available for Biblical scholars; but until the appearance of the volume we are now considering, there was hardly any historical manual in which the average student of the New Testament could find the information without which it is impossible to look at early Christianity in the light of the age which called it forth. Carpenter's "Life in Palestine when Jesus lived" is excellent for so small a work, and presents in a short compass a good account of the people from whom Jesus sprang, and the society in which he labored. But "The Jews under the Roman Rule" is a book of wider scope, and gives a much more satisfactory history of the times in which Jesus lived, and especially of the condition of the Jewish people in the period just preceding the Christian era. The writer has used to advantage the authorities, both ancient and modern, to which we owe our knowledge of Jewish history and institutions. We still advise, as we have elsewhere done, that the elaborate works of Keim, Hausrath, Stapfer, and Schürer be put into every Sunday-school reference library; but for the one book, in which teacher or pupil can readily find the amplest information about the Jews under the Roman rule, given in the briefest possible space, we know of no other work so valuable as the manual we are here recommending.

¹ THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE. By W. D. Morrison. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth. 426 pp. Price, \$1.50.

MR. SAVAGE'S CATECHISM: A SUGGESTION.

WE are often asked to recommend lessons to be used as a general exercise by the whole Sunday-school. Such a use of Mr. Savage's Catechism, if made judiciously, would, we think, be at once interesting and helpful. Let a chapter be studied in this way every month. This would mean using

from ten to fifteen questions each Sunday. Let the answers to these questions be given by the school in concert. Then let the superintendent or pastor explain the topics thus presented, and supplement the answers with a brief discussion of the points involved. On the following Sunday, before asking the next series of questions, let the leader call for the expression of any thoughts, any doubts, or queries which the last exercise had awakened. Indeed, it should be the leader's aim at each exercise to stimulate thought. He should urge the pupils and their teachers to talk over at home and with one another the answers given in the Catechism. In this way, by securing a discussion of the topics outside of the school-hour, and by a vigorous presentation of salient points in the school exercise, the pastor or superintendent might reasonably look for some valuable results in the way of doctrinal teaching.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

THE opening meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union will be held Monday evening, October 20. The topic for discussion will be, "How can we secure Sunday-school Teachers?" We regret to learn that John W. Porter, Esq., the President of the Union, has been for some time in poor health, but hope that he may be able to attend the meetings. Before his election to the Presidency of the Union, Mr. Porter had been for five years its faithful and efficient treasurer.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has lately donated thirty volumes to the Sunday-school of the First Unitarian Church in Lancaster, N. H. The superintendent of this school is Rev. C. A. Young, pastor of the church. The school is not large, but is very hopeful. Many of the pupils are active workers, aiding in supplying the flowers for decorating the church, and making useful articles for the fairs that are held now and then by the society.

IN Littleton, N. H., the Unitarian pastor, Rev. L. D. Cochrane, superintends the Sunday-school, and also teaches one of the classes. A class of young people in the school enjoys the privilege of having for its teacher Gen. George G. Cruft, one of the proprietors of the Maplewood House in Bethlehem, whose devotion to the church and Sunday-school in Littleton is worthy of the highest praise.

THE Sunday-school of the Channing Memorial Church, in Newport, R. I., has for its superintendent the Hon. Thomas G. Coggeshall, the present mayor of the city. Mr. Coggeshall reports that the experiment of holding the sessions of the school through the entire summer, omitting the vacation altogether, has been very successful. The school has a membership of about one hundred. The minimum attendance in the usual vacation period was forty-nine; the maximum, seventy-nine. An interesting feature of the opening exercises of this school is the repetition, after the responsive Scripture reading, of the "affirmation of belief" beginning,—

"I believe in God the Father great, the One all else above,

In Jesus Christ the Master wise, who taught the Father's love."

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

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